The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR

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ROBERT F. FARRELL - - - - - ASST. EDITOR

. . EDITORIALS . .

EVERYMAN

FOR four years past Saint Mary's College has presented a Passion play during Holy Week. Those of us who remember "Ecce Homo," "For All the World," and "The Tree of Kerioth," who remember the excellent acting and excellent directing of these truly excellent plays, know that Saint Mary's College, and particularly the playwright-producers of Saint Mary's College have an accomplishment to their credit they may well be proud of. One would look far before finding a play combining greater dramatic and moral worth than "Ecce Homo," before finding a more moving and stimulating Passion play than "For All the World," before finding a greater application of the teachings of modern psychology to one of the chief mysteries of our religion than is "The Tree of Kerioth." One would look far before finding such finished, such sincere interpretations as have been given these plays by the Student Players of Saint Mary's College. And one would look far before finding such indefatigable, such thorough, and such brilliant direction as has gone into the production of these plays.

Saint Mary's College, we say, may well be proud of her dramatic achievements; she stands alone by reason of the excellence of the plays, the excellence of her actors, and the excellence of her directors; she stands alone by reason of her singular and exalted purpose; here is no fortuitious choice of a play, here is no ever-changing purpose, here is no makeshift acting—the directors and players have a high ideal and a definite policy; they know their goal and they attain their goal. The directors and players need not receive the highest praise of their efforts with the tongue in the cheek; they should know that such praise as they have received has been all too scant; and we who have had no active part in this achievement may as well sound the praises of the glory that has been thrust upon us much as in another and lower form of achievement we pride ourselves on the prowess of our athletes—such is the best we can do, and such is our duty.

This year our directors have elected to present "Everyman," a Medieval morality. Most of us know "Everyman" and most of us have learned to love it better each succeeding time we have seen it produced, and knowing the capability of our producers and our student players, we may all promise ourselves a keener appreciation of this venerable morality than perhaps we ever thought possible. The play has remarkable depth, the direction and acting will be most capable; it only rests with us to see, and appreciate.

If we may make so bold, we should like to quote from Brother Leo's appreciation of this morality which was placed in our hands not expressly for this purpose. It follows:

"The sublime idea of the Incarnation, of God debasing Himself in mortal form, is suggested early in the old monk's sacred play, and in the succeeding portions of it we discover a highly artistic symbolism which retells the familiar story of Our Redemption. Exhaustive research and minute stage direction have been utilized to make this symbolism a conspicuous feature of the forthcoming production of 'Everyman.' From the opening address to the audience, a plea for humble prayer and devout meditation, to the Doctor's parting words with their application to daily life, the entire play is saturated with the Lenten spirit.

"The Saint Mary's production of 'Everyman,' interesting because of its lavish scale and its technical innovations, has a very special appeal, because of its pervasive suggestion of the Roman Liturgy. It is, among other things, a dramatic review of the principal article of faith and of the duties of a Christian. The drama, like stained-glass, or organ music, was in the ages of faith a valued adjunct of Holy Mother Church. Our students aspire to show just how this was, and even to herald the golden dawn when the Exiled King shall come into His Kingdom.

"To see the Saint Mary's College 'Everyman' is to come into contact with a piece of rich Catholic literature, to sense the potentialities of the sacred drama, to enter intimately into the spirit of Lent, to receive through the ministrations of art a deeper realization of the faith that is in us."

Let us, as men of Saint Mary's, join in the spirit of this great undertaking; let us work, according to our lights and our ability, with the same fervor, the same altruistic and spiritual motive; let us realize that for both the producers and the audience, the spiritual gain should be the only consideration—certain it is that the producers will spare no expense to bring every spiritual value to its fruition; certain it should be that no monetary consideration, paltry or otherwise, should be allowed to prevent the union of our spirits with theirs and with the spirit of the morality, and of the consequent and inevitable growth of our own spirits—the growth to freedom!

MODERN CONVERSATION

ONE of our contemporaries quotes the New York World to this effect:

"According to the dispatches, Dr. Carvey Landis of Wesleyan University has made a statistical study of what people talk about. At street corners, on subways, in theatres, he has listened in and tabulated his notes. And his findings are that women talk chiefly about men, clothing, themselves and other women; and that men talk chiefly about money and business. Well, why not?

"Quite a lot is written these days about the banality of conversation, the complainants apparently believing that we should talk about literature, paintings, music and international affairs. But isn't the average conversation on these topics just a little bit forced? Yet get the impression somehow that the speakers are not interested in these lofty subjects half as much as in appearing intellectual and refined. Two musicians, perhaps, have an honest interest in how Stokowski conducted the Tschaikowsky Fourth the other night; but when the rest of us try it we sound just a little bit unnatural. Conversation, above all else, should be natural. And if the average business man is more at home talking about money than about anything else, then why shouldn't he talk about it?"

Ah, yes! Learned professors who go around taking statistics on the silly gabble shunted back and forth on street corners may expect to find their pains little appreciated by the gabblers. For be it known that the remarkably sound principle of gabbling is this: Three-year-old Johnny would sound most unnatural if he were to say anything intelligent; let him therefore continue to say, "Goo-goo-goo," until such time as by dint of constant contact with others he may deliver himself of sounds representing intellectual disturbances one-half of one per cent. more intelligent—let him never speak of anything but what has been dumped into his brain by the mechanical accretion of phenomenalistic experience. Then will he grow up to be eminently fitted to stand at street corners, on subways, in theatres, and speak of money and business—not intelligently, to be sure, for these two subjects can't be discussed intelligently by such as Johnny—and then will his conversation be above all else natural. Moreover, then will he be tickled and lulled by the flickering shadows he sees in a movie palace; then will he be thrilled by the near-histrionic sallies of those pathetic vaudevillains; then will be marvel at the wit and wisdom of the Sunday newspapers; in short, then will he be as totally innocent of an idea as he was on the day when first he slavered, "Goo-goo-goo." And a brave sight he'll be, perched behind one of those massive pillars banks are so fond of, pecking at his adding machine, with thirty feet of tape on the floor and seven feet more to go.

This dodge of defending the banality of common conversation by saying that some of the people who talk of literature, art, music or international affairs are charlatans is well enough in its place; it makes all the Johnnies who read the New York World feel considerably better, and it thereby serves the purpose of that paper, which is to have as many Johnnies as possible for readers. Unfortunately, however, vast numbers of college students are guided by the remarkably sound principle of gabbling, for while they may not regard every one who speaks of literature, art, music, or international affairs as a charlatan, they themselves know of no other way to speak of these subjects than as charlatans, and for the most part would rather talk about the Orpheum, "swell jigs," the movies, or "grand brawls" anyhow. This is as effectual a block to true culture as young dunderheads engaged in a half-hearted pursuit of knowledge have yet conceived. But since young dunderheads in a half-hearted pursuit of knowledge are not given overmuch to reading this page, and since the educators who have these young dunderheads in charge know a great deal more about this ailment and its cure than we do, we must confess that while we think we know what we're writing about, we can't think why we're writing it.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

EDGAR LEE MASTERS was born at Garnet, Kansas, on August 23, 1869, of stock which pioneered from England to Massachusetts, then to Virginia, to Tennessee, to Illinois. He was brought up in Illinois. His schooling was desultory, but he read widely. He studied one year at Knox College, and was a great student of Greek, which influenced him strongly in his works. He studied law in his father's office at Lewiston, and practiced there for a year. Edgar Lee Masters was directed into law by his father, in spite of his desire to choose literature. In the end, as is often the case with persons not broken in the process, he has gone his desired way. The poet engaged in the practice of law in Chicago, for nine years as the partner of Clarence Darrow, distinguished radical practitioner. During this time he was writing constantly and publishing, from time to time before 1915, six mediocre volumes of verse, dramas and essays. In that year appeared "Spoon River Anthology." The next year two additional volumes of verse were published; since then he has brought out four more, and two book-length stories. During the years before "Spoon River" he also wrote eight unpublished prose plays, hundreds of poems, and some miscellaneous work. There was little in this of enduring value.

The work that gained Masters a place in literature, and a very high place, is "Spoon River Anthology," his masterpiece. "Spoon River Anthology" contains more than two hundred epitaphs, taken from the cemetery of a dying midwestern village. It was taken, as the author says, from the "Greek Anthology," which is one of the treasures of Hellenic culture.

In the Anthology, two hundred and more of these villagers speak from the tombstone their retrospect of life. Their lips are unsealed, less to deeper comprehension, than to confession of what in life they did not dare to say. Here is a typical trilogy of interrelated stories. In "Tom Merritt," Tom observes the back door shut as he enters the front, and a man slinking back of the smokehouse into the lot, and then across the field. He means to kill him on sight.

"But that day, walking near Fourth Bridge,
Without a stick or stone at hand,
All of a sudden, I saw him standing,
Scared to death, holding his rabbits,
And all I could say was, "Don't, Don't, Don't,"
And he aimed and fired at my heart."

In Mrs. Merritt's story, she tells how she stands dumb before the jury, cowed because popular sentiment was against her. Her nineteen-year-old lover had killed her husband, even though she had said:

"Go away, Elmer, go far away,
I have maddened your brain with the gift of my body;
You will do some terrible thing."
And just as I feared, he killed my husband;
With which I had nothing to do, before God!
Silent for thirty years in prison!
And the iron gates of Joliet
Swung as the gray and silent trusties
Carried me out in a coffin.

A much jollier strain is in the story of the lover, Elmer Karr. He attributes to the love of God the forgiving natures of the people of Spoon River, who forgive his offense against Thomas Merritt, and the murder:

"Oh, loving hearts that took me in again
When I returned from fourteen years in prison!
Oh, helping hands that in the church received me,
And heard with tears my penitent confession,
Who took the sacrament of bread and wine!
Repent, ye living ones, and rest with Jesus."

This is typical of the book. These three sketches, properly amplified, might make an effective short story, but they are singularly skeleton-like here. We have no background whatever for the husband. He merely suspects, sees, and then is shot. We learn nothing appreciable of the wife, except that she spent thirty years unjustly in prison. There is some distinction in the satire of the third piece, although it is laid on with artistc thickness. The first two are little more than the headlines of a sensational, sordid small town murder. The third is the ironic slant of the mind restive at conventional standards of morality. There is no poetry in the first two, while there is a low type of bitter contemplative poetry in the third. There is nothing distinctive even about the prosy phrasing. Some parts are incredibly hackneyed: "I meant to kill him on sight," "All of a sudden I saw him standing." Some parts are merely flat. Masters, judging by some of his products, merely writes on and on. If this were all art is, a phonographic record of a man's daily conversation would be worthy poetry or prose.

Perhaps I am a little hasty with my criticisms on Master's work, "Spoon River Anthology." His writings in this work were not all flat and crude. His description of Theodore, the poet, is a beautiful piece. In it Masters is not so life-like, so matter-of-fact, rather, he pictures Theodore in a more picturesque light, he writes poetry:

"As a boy, Theodore, you sat for long hours
On the shore of the turbid Spoon
With deep-set eye staring at the door of the crawfish's burrow,
Waiting for him to appear, pushing ahead,
First his waving antennae, like straws of hay,
And soon his body, colored like soap-stone,
Gemmed with eyes of jet.
And you wondered in a trance of thought
What he knew, what he desired, and why he lived at all.
But later your vision watched for men and women
Hiding in burrows of fate amid great cities,
Looking for the souls of them to come out,
So that you could see
How they lived, and for what,
And why they kept crawling so busily
Along the sandy way where water fails
As the summer wanes."

While this strain may not be called "good poetry," it is typical of the writings of Masters when he was in a poetic mood, when he had an inspiration. It is said that the publication of free-verse in Harriet Monroe's magazine "POETRY," inspired the technique of the Anthology.

"Spoon River Anthology" achieved popularity at once. This vogue was not due to its poetry, for its few grains are scattered in several carloads of prose. It owed its wide reception to the story quality of the portraits, abetted by he reatment of sexual complications. Main Street found the book stimulating. Every detail of it is probably accurate, for Master's legal mind took things in a legal light, but the emphasis is not always just. It is conceived in prose, and dedicated to backyard gossip. This has its value, in a land tongue-tied with Puritanism, but it is more antidote than art. It should remain as a storehouse of plots for subsequent prose and poetic development. If it remains as an accepted example of the poetry of today, it will be a persisting proof of our poetic ineptitude and poverty.

The craze for the book and its ill-considered critical adulation, unfortunately for the poet, led him to believe that he was already accomplished as a poet and philosopher. Two volumes appeared the next year. One contained the lovely "Silence," while the rest of the book was filled with verses, if they may be called such, of the style of:

"Then up rose brave Sir Launcelot
And there did mount his steed,
And hastened to a pleasant town
That stood in knightly need."

And of the supposedly modern mood:

"And now the rows of windows showing laces,
Silks, draperies and furs and costly vases,
Watches and mirrors, silver cups and mugs,
Emeralds, diamonds, Indian, Persion rugs,
Hats, velvets, silver buckles, ostrich-plumes,
Drugs, violet water powder and perfumes."

And so on in endless cataloging, like an un-rhythemetical Sears-Roebuck display.

In the next book there are ups and downs, oftener the latter; the sagging continues. "Towards The Gulf," fourth in the new dispensation, contains this scientific fiddle-faddle in the attire of poetry:

"And now, remember
Mercier's analysis of heredity:
Besides direct transmission of unstable
Nervous systems, there remains the law
Hereditary of Sanquinity.
Then here's another matter: Parents may
Have normal nervous systems, yet produce
Children of abnormal nerves and minds,
Caused by unsuitable sexual germs."

Here is a typical stretch, showing slipshod transitions:

Coroner Merival woke to scan the "Times,"
And read the story of the suicide
Of Gregory Wenner, circle big enough
From Slenor Murray's death, but unobserved
Of Merival, until he heard the hint
Of Dr. Trace, who made the autopsy
That Gregory Wenner might have caused the death
Of Elenor Murray, or at least was near
When Elenor Murray died. Here is the story,
Worked out by Merival as he went about
Unearthing secrets, asking here and there
What Gregory Wenner was to Elenor Murray.
The coroner had a friend who was a friend
Of Mrs. Wenner. Acting on the hint
Of Dr. Trace he found this friend and learned
What follows here of Gregory Wenner, then
What Mrs. Wenner learned in coming home
To bury Gregory Wenner. What he learned
The coroner told the jury—

And I hope the jury tolled the bell. If the above is poetry, then a newspaper reporter, or a court clerk, is a poet. Masters goes on relating facts, facts, facts. There is little beauty in such diction as this. The influence of law seems to predominate the work, and it seems to me that it is merely, as are the most of Masters' works, a court transcript changed into poetic form—changed very inartistically.

—ROBERT E. FORD.

THE NEGRO IN THE DRAMA

IN ART, in science, in politics, in no branch of human endeavor has the negro contributed a single thought or advance of supreme greatness. The few outstanding characters of their race are noticeable because of their solitariness and their achievements pale alongside those of their Caucasian fellows. Dumas, pere and fils are often held up to our consideration as shining examples of the heights to which they may rise,—that their possibilities are merely dormant. But a comparison of the work of the Dumas with that of Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, is absurd. And the same may be said of all the other branches of life.

However students of the race of Ham claim to have detected a marked change in the mental attitude of the negro. Among the staunch supporters of this claim is David Belasco, who prophesies the dawn of a new era, especially in the field of dramatics, for the dark skinned people. In support of his prophecy he contributed an article of considerable length in the Liberty Magazine of August 7, 1926. This article takes the reader "down through the ages" in an effort to demonstrate that the qualities of an acor are innate in every negro.

Quoting Belasco: "The response to emotional suggestion, while not confined to the Negro, is more delicately developed in his nature than in that of any other people on earth. It is as dominating today as when drum hypnosis was the medium whereby his reactions were fired."

The sum total of his contentions is contained in the one line, "The theatre of tomorrow must reckon with a new force—the race of Ham."

Quoting him further he says: "The Negro, from today onward, will compel recognition through the sheer power of his instinctive mime talent. I will go farther and declare that no race, even the sorrow swept Jew, can surpass the Negro for instinctive stage ability. The same receptivity that drove their African ancestors to battle franzy at the sound of war drums, has been translated by generations into terms of emotion-expression, delicate and sensitive in the extreme. The Negro with his submerged, instinctive voice, is a natural actor. He has a sufficient background of tragedy to make him fertile ground in which to implant the seeds of splendid acting. And as a climax to my prediction, I believe that another decade will se a Negro theatre in which we of the Caucasian race will witness a surprising development of this hitherto dormant nature gift."

Continuing on his article Belasco shows how responsive the Negro is to his immediate surroundings, how intensely he is affected by music, that he is not, as is popularly supposed, parrot like, or addicted to posing, that they are very loyal, a quality which makes for good and uninterrupted production, that they are intensely sympathetic and easily attain the state wherein they actually live the roles they are portraying.

Belasco concludes he article with, "It is a far cry from native kraal to the cosmopolitan stage, but the Negro has made the journey. Watch him during the next decade."

J. T. CROWLEY.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Drama

I. R. McVAY

SUN-UP

A VERY serious worker in the theatrical world was presented to us in a recent visit to the Columbia Theatre, in the person of Lucille La Verne. She gives an excellent account of herself in the portrayal of the Widow Cagle, which fact can allow in some measure for the glib press work which had heralded her coming to San Francisco. Lest it be construed that the actress is a creature of publicity, it must be stated that such is not the case. In her acting there is that which shines through all press accounts; which flows despite the stark savagery of the character she plays and which accounts for some of the power she is able to exert upon an audience. There is a restraint in her work—for the obvious projection of an immobile woman; an aggressive spirit gripped by a merciless, inexorable fate—which successfully moves the sympathies of the audience. Behind this ability there is the personal sympathy of the actress for these mountain people which lends a color to the performance. We are not sure whether this sympathy has crept into the portrayal all unconsciously, or the actress has conceived the Widow Cagle to be the logical result of such suffering as she has endured, thus to have thrown a protecting shell over a great emotional nature, holding back those bruised tendencies until at last their very presence is unknown to her.

One may realize after her performance that this woman has a definite vitality, wholesomeness, and charm which grips an audience even while she is convincingly rendering the character of a woman to whom hate is the only passion. For Widow Cagle is an implacable old dame, hard as granite and as resolute, with the fearlessness of an Amazon. Yet from the very beginning of the drama the action on the audience is effectively carried along to a climax, although highly theatrical, nevertheless, one with a definite reaction on its auditors. As to what caused all this, the solution may have two equally workable answers. One is, a personality too powerful to be submerged in the role; the other, the inherent qualities of the role.

But in any case the audience remained unmoved when the final curtain dropped. We had seen George Arliss and Bertha Kalich answer curtain calls after great individual performances, but never had we chanced on an audience so carried away by a personality or mood or character or whatever it was, to the extent of sitting quietly even after the house had been lighted and hats and coats and way of escape were plainly visible.

We should say the play is an excellent vehicle for Miss La Verne to display her ability as an actress, and we would venture again that the play is possessed of not a few creaky and drab moments making histrionic ability of necessity as a counter-action against some of the weak spots which might easily be a source of irritation or distraction.

Miss La Verne's performance is really majestic and uplifting, the impersonation of the tragic figure of a woman whose husband and son have been taken away from her by violent means. The husband was shot because he "only tried to make an honest livin' turnin' the co'n he grew into moonshine whiskey." Her only son, whom she had sent off to war without even a kiss of farewell because "'twas on'y foolishness anyhow," even while her heart was ready to break, was killed in France. The effect of the news made up one of the most breathless scenes we have witnessed and all done in silence. The climax is in the third act. —The son of the man who had killed her husband is at her mercy, and the love of the dead son breaks the shell of hate that has surrounded this woman's heart, the change comes and it is sun-up.

THE VAGABOND KING

A PREVALENT vogue in the theatre would seem to indicate the striking popularity of old plays refurbished with music and termed operettas or musical plays. Some umpty years ago Mr. E. H. Sothern toured the country in a play "If I Were King," which has recently had the attention of Mr. Russel Janney who played hide and seek with the original lines and hired Rudolf Friml to write the music; after which the play was presented by Mr. Janney under the title of "The Vagabond King."

The original play now forms the outline for a sequence of incidents in the life of Francois Villon; the book allows for an element of comedy, never an amount to cause the heart to skip a beat from an excess of laughter; the musical score offers one song, "The Song Of The Vagabonds," the backbone of the play, and several others of varying degrees of delight; and the whole play takes a dreadfully long time for its enactment. This last fact forms a distinct problem for the audience, and we suppose, for the manager of the company as well. Each scene is played at a terrific pace which makes proper enunciation a thing to be appreciated but seldom enjoyed. And if one's ears are not keen they may find the second act already upon them without feeling sure of what has taken place or what is about to happen.

A point of interest can be noted in the elaborate costuming and very particularly, in the ingenuity of the light plot. An artist must have surely conceived the lighting in several of the scenes as they really are exceptionally good. We have not seen, as yet, any greater harmony of setting, costume, and lighting than was noted in this operetta.

But, sad to relate, there are some features about the production which are not so redeeming. In that vein is the partial conviction that the present company in San Francisco is in some respects not of the best quality. There are in this group some of the poorest voices obtainable, both for singing and speaking. In the case of Mr. John Mealy (Francois Villon), this gentleman is either a singer with limited powers or possessed of a cracked voice. During some of his singing moments he had the most unattractive habit of singing in key which, even to an untrained ear, was noticeably unmelodious. His portrayal of Villon, however, is one of the most spirited things in the play. He is an energetic fellow with the faculty of pushing the play over its dreary moments, never allowing it to slow down to a casual pace, but fervid and impulsive to the last curtain. It's a very exciting characterization and about the most strenuous role that an actor could choose.

The most impressive music of the play is of the robust, vigorous sort, and in consequence depends upon large, hearty chorus groups for its effectiveness. Its militant quality is successful when, in the last analysis, the vibrations succeed in raising the roof. In New York the cast was large and the din greater, so this traveling company suffers for the slight lack of volume.

A sketchy plot relates of the ragged Francois Villon, pickpocket, poet, patriot, a fearless leader, lifted from the gutter to be king of France for a day. He is the turbulent head of an unkempt band of Parisian villians; a colorful, romantic figure in the midst of his beloved rabble. Into his life there comes a lady of high standing in court who becomes to him a symbol of light and prompts him to rise from his murky surroundings. The king, hearing of the attraction of his kinswoman for this ragged hero, visits Villon in secret. Eventually Villon is made ruler of France for a day, during which time he saves Paris from the advances of the Duke of Burgandy and instead of forfeiting his life for the right to rule for the day, is saved by a kindly mood of the king, allowing the curtain to come down on 3 hours and 10 minutes of pageantry. —I. R. M.

FRANCIS MUTH LAID TO REST

After a short illness, Francis M. Muth, of Goldfield, Nevada, member of the Freshman class in the School of Civil Engineering, died in Providence Hospital a short time ago. While his death was quite unexpected and sad, as his parents were on the way to his bedside at the time, his family and friends should feel greatly consoled by the fact that he passed away during the month of Saint Joseph, the Patron of a happy death, to whom the young man was especially devoted.

Members of the Freshman class and other fellow students attended his funeral in a body, and arrangements have been made to celebrate a special Mass for the repose of his soul during the coming week.

—R. F. F.

ANGEL OF DEATH VISITS MELLO HOME

Students of Saint Mary's were shocked recently to learn of the death of Mrs. Mello, mother of Leslie and Melvin Mello, prominent Saint Mary's students. Her death was unexpected and was a severe blow to her family and friends.

To Leslie and Melvin and other members of the family, the students of Saint Mary's wish to extend their heartfelt sympathy in this hour of sorrow.

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Sports

RAYMOND J. ARATA, Editor ELLSWORTH HEINZE

PHOENIX TAKE THIRD GAME FROM BEARS

On March 26 the Saints made it three straight over Coach Zamloch's baseball varsity This is the second time in two years that the Phoenix have taken all three games from Zamloch's men. The final score was 13-7, and was a loosely played contest as the score would indicate.

To get off to a good start, Madigan's men scored five runs in the first inning on hits by Biggs, Bettencourt, Joe Rooney and Farrell. The Saints however, did not stop at this, but kept right on pounding the apple to tally in the end 13 runs all told.

Dan Collins and Homer Meuter handled the pitching burden for the Saints in fine fashion. With the big lead that the Phoenix sluggers gathered for their pitchers, Dan and "Spike" could afford to coast along and take things easy.

Bettencourt, in true Bettencourt fashion, lead the Phoenix hitters with four safeties; one of Brownie's drives sailed far enough to permit him to circle the bases. Biggs followed Bettencourt for hitting honors with three blows, one being a circuit smash. Cowboy Smith and Joe Rooney got two hits apiece.

	R.	H.	E.
California	7	11	2
Saint Mary's	13	15	3

Nehmecheck, Jacobsen and Wayatt.
Collins, Meuter and Farrell.

SAINTS WIN CLOSE GAME FROM BRONCOS

Santa Clara's jinx, which has been much in evidence against Saint Mary's in all its contests this year, continued to hold sway when the Phoenix met the Broncos in the second game of their three game series. It was only after a last inning rally that the Saints were able to tie the score and win out in the tenth by a score of 5-4.

"Baron" Meuter was assigned the pitching burden by "Slip" Madigan; he pitched nice ball, allowing only three runs in the six innings he worked. He was relieved by "Pope" Illia, who allowed four hits and one run for the remainder of the game.

Trailing 4 to 2 in the ninth inning, the Phoenix came back strong to tie the score on hits by Biggs, Breslin and Joe Rooney. Then in the tenth inning Captain Leo Rooney hit safely and worked his way around to third base, from which bag he scored on Dondero's sacrifice. Santa Clara tried hard to score in their turn at bat, but fast fielding cut off their chance.

Captain Leo Rooney led the Saints in this contest with two bingles. "Hoot Owl" Bettencourt drove out a four-ply swat, and Vic Breslin, in his collegiate baseball debut, got himself a double.

	R.	H.	E.
Santa Clara	4	12	2
Saint Mary's	5	11	0

Simoni, Draper and Regan.
Meuter, Illia and Kasper, Tawes.

COLORED GIANTS SHOW CLASS

The Colored Giants, who play every year on the Saint Mary's campus, have come and gone. Behind them they have left the same reputation they have always left; that is, they sure know how to play ball. The defeated the Phoenix 12 to 4.

This game is probably the biggest attraction of the season, excepting the Santa Clara games, and never fails to pack them in. The Giants always have a large following from among the colored population who come out to watch them and cheer them on. As this game has an over-abundance of "color" in more sense than one, it is a big drawing card for the students.

Ignatius MvVay did the hurling for the Phoenix and got along fine till the eighth inning when he got into a bit of trouble and was relieved by Dana, who in turn was relieved by O'Keefe. The Giants made eight of their runs in the last two innings.

Stearns, Giant first baseman, was the leading slugger of the day. He got four hits, including three triples; two of these triples be it said, bounced off the school building slightly below the Chapel windows. For the Phoenix, Biggs and Breslin got two hits apiece, while Bill featured in the field.

	R.	H.	E.
Colored Giants	12	14	1
Saints	4	7	3

Show and Butcher.
McVay, Dana, O'Keefe and Farrell.

PHOENIX WIN CLOSE GAME

After losing to Santa Clara on our home lot, the Varsity returned fighting mad to hand the Alameda Elks a 2 to 1 defeat.

"Spike" Meuter, who has been out most of the season, due to sickness, started against his townsmen and showed that he is ready to take his regular turn in the box. In the six innings that he worked he allowed only one hit. "Pope" Illia, who established himself in the first Santa Clara game, relieved him and fanned 4 of the 9 men to face him.

Cowboy Smith again featured at bat with 2 hits. Biggs hit a triple, Dondero a double, and Joe Rooney a single to complete our hitting for the day.

	R.	H.	E.
Alameda Elks	0	1	2
Varsity	1	5	0

Jones and Rose.
Meuter, Illia and Tawse.

FOUL TIPS

With but three more college games on their schedule, the Phoenix look like certain winners of the new California Intercollegiate Baseball League.

* * *

Bettencourt is now taking his turn behind the bat as a catcher. Larry looks his best behind the plate, not detracting from his playing around the torrid corner; "Brownie" has all the qualifications of the perfect catcher; he is a good target, a good receiver, the best of throwers. And, oh, my! how he can sock the apple.

* * *

After a seige of illness, our old friend "Spike" Meuter is back again with us. "Spike" is a very effective chucker when he is right and should prove of much value to Madigan before the season comes to an end.

* * *

At last Vic Breslin has come into his own. Ever since Vic has been attending Saint Mary's it has been his ambition to hold down a regular berth on the Varsity. Against Santa Clara, in the second game, Vic got his big chance as a pinch hitter and came through with a bingle. Against the Sacramento Senators he played nice baseball. Vic laced out two safeties against the Coast leaguers

* * *

"Cowboy" Smith, whose batting average appeared so low in the last edition, has now climbed up among the leaders of the team. He is now batting around .400.

"Pope" Illia has been pitching some wonderful ball of late. This comes as quite a surprise to "Pope's" many friends, as a little while back it was thought that he would never be able to pitch again because of a football injury sustained last year.

* * *

Rumor has it that of late Andrew B. House has been acting kind of queer. We wonder if the cubebs he was smoking for his cold have gone to his head.

* * *

Dan Collin's temperamental soupbone seems to be rounding into form. It seems that Dan's precious left arm is averse to cold weather and so refused to come around as quickly as was desired.

* * *

Joe Rooney is proving to be one of

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the leading hitters on the Phoenix this year. He is right up there among the leaders. This is all the more commendable when we consider that this is Joe's first year in collegiate baseball.

* * *

Dondero heard that chewing tobacco would help one to get base hits. He tried it in the McCormack All-Star game. Don now says that licorice is much easier on the equilibrium.

SAINTS PLAY SENATORS

On Sunday, March 27, the Phoenix traveled up to Sacramento and took on the Sacramento Coast League baseball team. The game took place at Moering Field and was staged before a large crowd. The score, which was 13 to 7 in favor of the Bees, is by no means an indication of the caliber of the game, at least the last eight innings of it.

Andy House, a Sacramento boy, took up the pitching burden for the Saints in the beginning of the contest. He struck out Cooper, the first batter to face him, and should have retired the side one, two, three, but a poor umpire decision and a muff of a fly ball put him in a bad hole and also put the entire team up in the air. Before the inning was over Sacramento had scored 11 runs. Pope Illia relieved House and allowed only 4 hits the remainder of the game. After the first inning the game was a well played contest; the score for the last eight innings being two to one.

"Cowboy" Smith impressed the Sacramentans with his flashy playing around the short patch; aside from playing a nice fielding game he got two blows for himself. Vic Breslin performed at second base in this game and proved his worth. The Rooney brothers just couldn't fall down before all their relatives and friends; they each hit a safety. Dondero hit safely, went to second on a wild pitch, and scored on Smith's single to right field to register Saint Mary's lone tally.

SACRAMENTO

	A.B.	R.	H.
Cooper, c. f.	4	2	3
Kopp, l. f.	4	1	1
Monroe, 2nd b.	3	2	1
Rohwer, r. f.	3	2	1
Severeid, c.	3	2	3
McGee, 1st b.	3	1	1
McLaughlin, 3d b.	4	1	2
French, s. s.	4	1	2
Kallio, p.	2	1	0
Shea, p.	0	0	0
Osborne, l. f.	1	0	0
Koehler, c.	0	0	0
	31	13	14

SAINT MARY'S

	A.B.	R.	H.
Smith, s. s.	4	0	2
L. Rooney, 2d b., l. f.	3	0	1
Biggs, r. f.	4	0	0
Bettencourt, 3d b., c.	3	0	0
J. Rooney, 1st b.	3	0	1
Bill, c. f.	3	0	0
Dondero, l. f., 3d b.	2	1	1
Farrell, c.	1	0	0
House, p.	0	0	0
Illia, p.	4	0	2
Breslin, 2nd b.	3	0	2
	30	1	9

PHOENIX 10—McCORMICK'S 0

On Wednesday afternoon, March 30, the Phoenix defeated the McCormicks by the score of 10-0. "Cowboy" Smith and Joe Rooney once more were hitting stars. Andy House and "Spike" Meuter both pitched classy ball to shut out the All Stars.

In the line-up for the McCormicks were two former Phoenix stars, "Ducky" Grant and Ralph King. "Duck" played nicely in the infield for the visitors, while Ralph, who only pitched the last few innings, twirled air-tight ball.

	R.	H.	E.
Saint Mary's	10	11	3
All Stars	0	1	1

Saint Mary's—House, Meuter and Bettencourt.

All-Stars—Silva, King and Farrell.

Ain't It

CUNEIFORMITIES RECENTLY UNEARTHED AND DECIPHERED BY ART AND WAR

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

A recent editorial in the "Isis" (Best known magazine at Oxford) came out deploring the fact that the students were not consuming enough alcohol in the form of wine, and that they should correct this fault. Imagine the response such a request would get in Oakland, or Berkeley.

— Si —

As the flapper said of the Grand Canyon: "It's just gorges."

— Si —

SIX YEAR OLD KILLS GRANDFATHER

Mamie Browning, our correspondent, snapped this photo of a couple engaged in a dance known as the "bunny hug." Miss Browning got this action picture at "Fish Grotto," an infamous hangout of the younger generation. "Is there no end to this thing," said Miss Browning, picking up a doughnut, "the younger generation are not only wearing immodest clothes but they are actually having a good time." Mamie promises to dig up more dirt for our readers soon, so watch for it.

— Si —

HOT MUSIC

How did you burn your fingers like that?

Did it last night playing my clarinet.

— Si —

ARTIST SHOOTS MODEL

Mr. Legus Fellum the well known nature artist, was forced to shoot a horse that he was painting last week. The horse was subject to fits, so there was nothing else to do but kill the animal.

—Moonshine (Wyo.) Post & News.

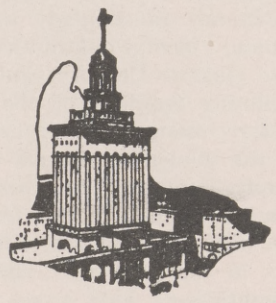
— Si —

Stranger (seeing a very long funeral procession passing)—Who is the deceased?

Another—The one in the hearse.

— Si —

There are eighty million pedestrians spread over the United States, writes a contemporary. Spread seems to be the right word.



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— Si —

A cock-eyed liar
Is Chester McGour
He said last week
The rain was o'er.

— Si —

The people of Saratoga, Italy, seldom drink water with their meals.

— Si —

If all the compositions the sophomore class wrote this year were piled together, they would make good material for a bonfire.

GREAT AMERICAN ART OF CONVERSATION

(Scene: street car; train; ferry boat; what have you?)

A—(gazing out window)—Some rain, eh?

B—(seated next to A)—What say? Yes it sure is raining.

A—This will make the farmers smile.

B—Yep, it ought to please 'em.

A—I never sen it rain so much.

B—Me too. But the trouble is that the state isn't prepared for such a rain.

A—Well, yes and no.

B—Yes, yes and no; you can't blame 'em though because the cities lack storm experience.

A—No, you can't.

B—No, indeedy.

A.—That's just the way I feel.

A—Them are my sentiments.

B—You have to admit that the rain is unusual though.

A—Indeed yes.

B—Yes, indeedy.

A. It never rained like this before.

B—But it's good for the farmers.

(Pause in conversation while each ponders over the wisdom of their remarks.)

A—(Looking out window) Just look at it rain.

B—Yes siree, she sure is raining.

(This continues ad nauseam)

— Si —

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On and Off the Campus

R. F. FARRELL, Editor A. BUXTON M. CLONEY

COMMERCE SENIORS INSPECT MONTGOMERY WARD PLANT

Following the program outlined for work of the final quarter, on Monday, March 28, the members of the Senior Class in the School of Commerce visited and thoroughly inspected the entire plant of Montgomery Ward & Company, the largest mail order house in the West, located in Oakland. The entire afternoon was spent in investigating the practical application of various principles of scientific management and plant layout, which are outlined in the college course of Business Administration. The students were cordially welcomed, and all were deeply impressed by the efficient organization and by the courteous treatment given them by those in charge of the various departments.

The first step taken was an inspection of the Personnel Department, and its relations to the other departments of the concern, to the employees, and to organizations outside the company. After an interesting lecture by Miss Crawford, assistant Personnel Manager, in which all vital problems directly relating to personnel work were explained, a profitable half hour's time was employed by the students in asking questions on the particular phases of the work in which they were individually interested. To all these questions a clear and comprehensive answer was given.

Following this interview in the comfortable reception room on the fourth floor of the building, the remaining hours of the afternoon were taken up in visiting the different departments and storerooms, in company with the house guide, a genial old gentleman of the Ward Quarter Century Club. Upon completing the tour of the entire plant and receiving all the information desired, the students returned to college deeply impressed by what they had seen and heard, each determined to study with renewed zeal the great problems in his particular field of management.

While the chief purpose of this visit was business, or study, a number of interesting features accompanied the afternoons, entertainment, and the writer feels that to overlook these by-products (industrially speaking), would not be quite fair to his fellow-students who accompanied him on the trip.

The first event of the program, that is, the first impromptu feature, was the dialogue between Harold Clark and the venerable house guide. It took place on the top floor just as the inspection started. While this was a dialogue, most of us heard only the second speaker, our guide. We do not know what questions Mr. Clark asked, but we were quite impressed by the emphatic answers that the worthy old gentleman made in declaring that the workers of Montgomery Ward did not smoke or chew, they did not partake of Gordon water in any of its many forms, and above all, they did not play African golf during noon hour. Suffice to say that no more questions were asked until the next floor was reached.

Mr. Nelson, Mr. Clarence Nelson, the big blonde gentleman from Emeryville, furnished the next thrill of the afternoon with a number of graceful gyrations and fancy steps, all for the purpose of trying to evade the delivery boys, who, strange as it may seem, dash wildly through the dark aisles on roller skates delivering their orders. After a number of narrow escapes, the noble son of snowy Scandinavia offered the management the use of a Ford roadster for delivery purposes, that is, if the delinquent Lizzie could be found. However, no one was hurt and the party proceeded to the accounting department.

For reasons which he did not divulge, the guide informed us that as a rule visitors were not conducting thru the accounting department, but as a special favor to college men, he would take us thru. In this particular part of the plant are employed three hundred young ladies—Mr. Keegan, generally a very serious student, refused to leave the department until he had examined and re-examined a number of times a certain adding machine of the 1927 type; I think it was a little blonde tabulator—but this is a business trip, readers. However, since then Mr. Keegan has registered with Mr. Marciniak for a course in higher accounting.

Other notable instances were as follows: Mr. Louis Conlan, while not a member of the Commerce class, being already a distinguished Bachelor (of Arts), accompanied the class for the purpose of intellectual advancement, but upon passing through a certain office his interest changed to other fields and he quickly disappeared. This was quite expected, however, and little alarm was manifested.

To whom it may concern, let it be now made known that when Ray Knowles, Joe's little brother, entered the building, Valentino was immediately forgotten and the wheels of industry stopped for a time, even as did the sun on the day of that memorable Biblical battle. For an inhabitant of the little village of Hickman, Mr. Knowles is really well known in the great industrial city of the West.

Ignatius Revere McVay, who really is no relation to Paul Revere, even though many a time and oft he has galloped the highways of our land, proved to be the pride and joy of the class. His distinguished appearance and businesslike manner greatly impressed the supervisory force of Mr. Ward's concern, to say nothing of fascinating certain workers in the wrapping department. Those with whom we came in contact thought that our Ignatius was really president or something or other, and of course, we let them think so. Ignatius was then appointed speaker of the day, in which capacity he functioned nobly.

Marion Biggs, who was a silent partner on this occasion, ran true to form

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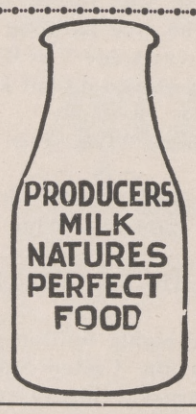

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and acted as a perfect left hander, that is, when a left hander is right (correct). Being a man of few words, Mr. Biggs (batting average .459), made valuable use of his ever-conspicuous note book, and when the day drew to a close he was elected by a large majority to present a written report for the class.

The writer, ever serious of mind, and uninfluenced by alien interests, will candidly admit, if asked, that his whole attention was directed strictly to business matters. Being of a mechanical turn of mind he naturally concentrated his questions and attention to the ventilation system, fire escapes, the manner in which packages were wrapped and carried to the shipping department, and most important of all, the wonderful new envelope stamping and sealing machine. The last-mentioned appliance was, by the way, located in the accounting department—Mr. Keegan and the writer will make a special study of the new and up-to-date mechanical devices of the plant some time in the near future.

On the whole, the investigation was a great success; and with the help of a few more house guides and the silence of Mr. Clark and the good behavior of that venerable resident of Emeryville, we expect in the near future to explore other important industrial concerns.

—R. F. F.

MR. JAMES L. HAGERTY COMPLIMENTED BY ARCHBISHOP

In a recent letter, Archbishop Edward J. Hanna graciously accepted the invitation of the A. P. G. U. Society to attend the performance of "Everyman," the annual Lenten drama to be presented b ythe student players of Saint Mary's College during Holy Week. Those connected with the production are quite pleased by the interest shown by His Grace in the religious and literary affairs of Saint Mary's.

In his letter of acceptance, the Archbishop complimented very highly Mr. James L. Hagerty of Saint Mary's College faculty, for his work in the "Forum" in San Francisco. His Grace was especially pleased by a lecture delivered by Mr. Hagerty, in which our well known instructor quite clearly and emphatically refuted a certain teaching falsely held by many present day educators. In recognition of the results by Mr. Hagerty both in his classes and in his work on the outside, the students of Saint Mary's also wish to offer their sincere compliments.

The "Forum" is a night school organized by the Knights of Columbus of San Francisco, for the promotion of higher Catholic education. Foremost among the instructors of this institution are Messrs. James L. Hagerty, Louis Le Fevre, and Sylvester Andriano.

GERALD MARTIN TO SPEAK AT OPENING OF NEW SCHOOL

Gerald P. Martin, of the class of 1926, has been invited by Reverend P. J. O'Reilly of Santa Cruz to be the principal speaker of the day at the dedication ceremonies of the new Catholic school in that city in the near future. Mr. Martin is a former Santa Cruz resident and a graduate of the school which is about to open the doors of a new and greater institution.

As a student of Saint Mary's College, Mr. Martin achieved great success and recognition as an orator and actor, having won his way to the finals in the National Oratorical Contest in 1926, and having participated in several student productions and in plays written by himself.

Any young man should feel proud to be asked to deliver the opening address of a Catholic school in his home city; and we at Saint Mary's heartily congratulate Gerald and wish him success in his oration.

—R. F. F.

SAINT MARY'S STUDENTS ATTEND DEBATE

Something new in debates was the source of interest to a number of students of Economics recently. At Wheeler Hall on March 24, California and Washington debating teams met to decide on the topic: "Resolved that Installment Buying is Socially Beneficial." Washington had the negative side while California defended the affirmative points. The new feature was that the debate was conducted on the Oregon Plan, an arrangement which allows for an intelligent discussion of the problem. This result is obtained by having a twenty minute talk by the speaker of one side, followed by a cross examination by one of his opponents, and vice versa. This is followed by a ten minute rebuttal and summary by each side, after which questions may be asked from the floor.

Under the Oregon Plan of debate there is sufficient motivation to insure a definite quality of work from the speakers, in that they are before a critical audience and a cross examiner. The latter fact is rather to be taken as a stimulant to some thinking on the part of the debaters, which can always be applauded by judges and auditors.

Saint Mary's students who accepted the invitation of the Manager of Forensics at the University of California to attend this affair, enjoyed a pleasant and profitable evening and are very grateful to those who were kind enough to present this opportunity.

—I. R. M.

Axel Greece says, that the reason the laundries around here charge so much is because they have to hire extra help to tear the buttons off.

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Books

MARK AIKIN

MEMORIES AND OPINIONS
William Barry, D. D.
Macmillan Co., 1927

As one would presume, the book is entirely taken up with personal reminiscences and is an engaging account of the life of a scholar, a Catholic gentleman and prelate and a world humanitarian. I say engaging, for the work closely resembles recognized autobiographies and diaries such as those of Pepys and Asquith, in that it presents unusual and interestingly personal versions of world famous events which have come to pass in the life time of the author and with which he has been intimately connected. It is somewhat unjust to draw this comparison, for it must be owned that "Memories and Opinions" is vastly superior to either of these works in point of scholarship and erudition. However, there is one point in which our book is strikingly like that of Margot Asquith. Canon Barry's work is marked by the same curious naivete in the matter of the author's self esteem that made the English woman's so interesting.

In all other points, however, this work is unlike any other that I know of. It is scholarly in the extreme and will be likely to suffer in popularity on that account. It is a book which one cannot read without some knowledge of the continent, an historical background, and above all, a sympathetic and kindred appreciation of our author's philosophy. Its appeal is almost exclusively that of a reserved, quiet and learned work.

The Reverend Dr. Barry entered the service of the Church when a young man and from thenceforth, as he tells us himself, his every act, word and deed was actuated by a desire to further her interests. And thus it is that such events as the capitulation of Rome to the Italian government and the furore which attended the passage of the Papal Infallibility Decree are given from the viewpoint of a man who though in their midst, never, for the sake of the moment, lost his broad outlook and Catholic Philosophy.

—J. K. CLARK.

ANTHOLOGY OF JESUS
Arranged and Edited by Sir James Marchant, K. B. E., LL. D.
Cassel and Co., Ltd., London, 1926

The omnipresence of the figure of Christ can be most convincingly realized if we but look to the literature of the world. In all ages all manner of men have fled to the life of our Lord for inspiration and comfort, and the most gifted of these men have penned their thoughts with the hope that succeeding generations might profit from their consoling experiences. These fond and partially fulfilled hopes are further realized in Sir James Marchant's Anthology which presents to the reader the life of Christ through a well-chosen and well-arranged list of quotations from the literature of the world.

This anthology, the editor states in his preface, was designated "to quicken the faith and love" of the reader. It most assuredly does this; but more, it indelibly stamps upon the reader's mind the perfection of the human life of our Lord. The greatest authors and the most ingenious have been arrested at some time by some outstanding characteristic of the character of Christ, and they have spent their efforts in clothing the inspired thought in their gifted style, thus enriching the literature of the world. From this literature the editor of the anthology has selected pieces which concern every detail of the life and character of Christ. His birth, His miracles, His love and tenderness, His crucifixion and His resurrection are but a few of the topics dwelt on by such men as Thomas A. Kempis, Lacordaire, Dante, Milton, Newman, Goethe, Stevenson, Longfellow, Ruskin, Browning and many others.

The value of Sir James Marchant's "Anthology of Jesus" lies in degree on the reader's appreciation that the work emphasizes the tremendous influence of the spirit of Christ in the field of literature. Without the spirit of Christ in our thoughts there can be no satisfaction, no fulness of life; without the spirit of Christ in literature there can be no completeness, no elevating motive, no enobling ideals; without the spirit of Christ always and everywhere, we dare not lift our heads.

—TERRENCE H. HALLORAN.

THE NEW SCHOLASTICISM
The Catholic University Press, 1927

"The New Scholasticism" is a quarterly review of philosophy published by the Catholic University Press. Under the editorship of Monsignor Pace and Dr. Ryan, this magazine promises to throw some light on the present-day erratic philosophy of Godless thinkers. The articles are scholarly and were written by prominent European and American thinkers such as Dr. de Wulf of Harvard, Bishop Turner of Buffalo, Dr. Schwitalla of St. Louis University, Gilson of Le Sorbonne, and others.

Dr. de Wulf in writing of Cardinal Mercier, gives us a clear, vigorous, and interesting account of the great Cardinal, both as a man, but especially as a philosopher. Mercier's appointment as a professor of Louvain University marked the beginning of his rise in the world of philosophy. His contemporary thinkers, with their subjectivism, narrow positivism, and exaggerated extreme spiritualism, aroused the Belgian scholar to restore the Scholasticism of St. Thomas. With the energy and enthusiasm of a young professor, Mercier expounded the philosophical problems of the day in the language of his contemporaries. He worked with the zeal of a pioneer until, finally, he became a shining star in the philosophical firmament of our time. His extraordinary influence and personality will always be remembered, because as Dr. de Wulf said, "he demonstrated better than anyone else, at a time when everything seemed crumbling, that Honor, Right, Duty and Truth dwell immovable in regions accessible to the passions of individuals and the frenzy of the masses, and that these ideas dominate the centuries without suffering themselves the corroding action of time."

Bishop Turner in discussing the "Scholastic View of Faith and Reason" clearly defines the attitude of the Church in this matter. He states that faith and reason, though distinct, are harmonious. He goes a step further by saying that faith aids reason, and reason aids faith. Dr. Schwitalla, the eminent zoologist of St. Louis University, presents Professor Morgan's work on "Emergent Evolution." The article is not a scientific discussion, but a comparison or contrast of professor Morgan's views on metaphysics with that of Scholastic philosophy. The vagueness of the theodicity in "Emergent Evolution" is clearly shown. Dr. Schwitalla points out that with Scholastic philosophy as a working background, in a work like that of Professor Morgan "there might have been more sureness of grasp, more definiteness of concept, more clarity of expression, more evidence of the realization that knowledge alone is barren that conduct is, after all, the more ultimate aim of all philosophies.

"The Moral Sanction," an article by Sertillanges, strives to throw some light on the problems which arise from the wrong starting point taken by some thinkers who discuss the subject. He contends that morality is the correct attitude of mankind in search of happiness. He also distinguishes Christian from Pagan philosophy in that the former concludes that reality, including God and human life is continued beyond all our earthly experience. Finally, he concludes that merit, the concomitant of every good act, is equivalent of happiness . . . the value of which is assured and which shall be redeemed by us in another world.

"The New Scholasticism" is a scholarly publication. The articles in the present issue are all highly technical with the exception of Dr. de Wulf's paper on Cardinal Mercier. To college students who are interested in the various aspects of philosophy, this magazine is valuable. Philosophers belonging to other schools other than the Scholastic, will also welcome this new publication, just as hearers, regardless of their school, crowded the early morning lectures of Cardinal Mercier at Louvain University.

—JOSEPH T. IMPERIAL.

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